

Grant all your Ministers Integrity,
 Esteem for Virtue without Flattery;
 Your Councils Prudence, Truth, and Secrecy,
 Your Forces Courage, and Fidelity;
 Their sev'ral Leaders both by Sea and Land;
 Honour to Dare, and Wisdom to Command.

Your Clergy, Learning, and Humility,
 May they from Lust and Avarice be free;
 Their Zeal and Doctrine Pure, and when they Teach,
 As peaceful as the Gospel which they Preach;
 May Judges be Impartial, and the Laws
 Never distorted for the Rich Man's Cause.

Be you the Curb of Gallick Tyranny,
 That strives for Universal Monarchy;
 That harass'd Europe once may be at Rest,
 And by your Hand with Peace and Plenty Blest;
 May Wealth and Power, like Dews, on *Albion* fall,
 Her Glory still increase; to sum up all,
 May in your Days the Gift of Heav'n be sent,
 Which we ne'er tasted yet, to be **CONTENT**.

FINIS.



THE

FAIRY FEAST,

Written by the Author of

A Tale of a T U B.

AND THE

Mully of Mountown.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year, 1704.

THE

TRAVELLER

TO THE

ISLAND OF

AND THE

MOUNTAINS



LONDON

Printed in the Year 1704

THE FAIRY Feast.

AS Poets say, one *Orpheus* went
To Hell upon an odd Intent.
First, tell the Story, then let's know,
If any one will do so now.

This *Orpheus* was a jolly Boy,
Born long before the Siege of *Troy*;
His Parents found the Lad was sharp,
And Taught him on the *Irish* Harp;
And when grown fit for Marriage Life,
Gave him *Euridice* to Wife.
And they as soon as Match was made,
Set up the Ballad-singing Trade:
The Cunning Varlet cou'd Devise,
For Country-Volk, ten thousand Lies,
Affirming all those monstrous Things
Were done by force of *Harp* and *Strings*;

Could make a Tyger in a trice
 Tame as a Cat, and catch your Mice ;
 Cou'd make a Lyon's Courage flag,
 And strait cou'd Animate a Stag,
 And, by the help of pleasing Ditties,
 Make Mill-stones run, and build up Cities ;
 Tho' others say *Euridice*
 Mov'd, if she pleas'd, more Stones than he,
 Each had the use of fluent Tongue,
 If *Dice* cou'ded, *Orpheus* sung.
 And so by Discord without strife,
 Compos'd one Harmony of Life ;
 And thus, as all their Matters stood,
 They got an Honest Livelihood :
 Happy were Mortals could they be
 From any sudden Danger free ;
 Happy were Poets could their Song,
 The feeble Thread of Life prolong.
 But as these two went strowling on,
 Poor *Dice's* Scene of Life was done,
 Away her fleeting Breath must fly,
 Yet no one knows wherefore, or why ;
 This caus'd a general Lamentation,
 Of all that knew her in her Station,
 How brisk she was still to advance,
 The Harper's gain and lead the Dance,

In every Tune observe her Trill,
 Sing on, but change the Money still,
Orpheus best knew what Loss he had,
 And thinking on't fell almost mad,
 And in despair to *Linus* ran,
 Who was esteem'd a Cunning-Man ;
 ' Cry'd, he again must *Dice* have,
 ' Or else be buried in her Grave ;
 Quo' *Linus*, ' Soft, refrain your sorrow,
 ' What fails to Day may speed to morrow :
 ' Thank you the Gods for what e're happens,
 ' And don't fall out with your fat Capons,
 ' Tis many an honest Man's Petition,
 ' That they might be in your Condition ;
 ' If such a Blessing might be had,
 ' To change a Living Wife for Dead,
 ' I'de be your Chapman, nay, I'de do't,
 ' Tho' I gave Forty Pounds to boot.
 ' Consider first, you save her Diet,
 ' Consider next that now she's quiet ;
 ' For, pray, what was she all along,
 ' Except the burthen of your Song ?
 ' What tho' your *Dice's* under Ground,
 ' Yet many a Woman may be found,
 ' Who in your Gains if she may partake,
 ' Trust me, will quickly make your heart-ake :

‘ Then rest Content, as Widdowers shou’d,
 ‘ The Gods best know what’s for your good.

Orpheus no longer cou’d endure
 Such Wounds where he expected Cure.

‘ Is’t possible, *said he*, and can,
 ‘ That Noble Creature, Marry’d Man,
 ‘ In such a Cause be so profane ;

‘ I’ll flee from him as I would Death,
 ‘ Whom from my *Dice* took her Breath.

Which said, he soon out-stript the Wind,
 While puffing *Boreas* lagg’d behind,

And to *Urgandus’s* Cave he came,
 A Lady of prodigious Fame,

Whose hollow Eyes, and hopper Breech,
 Made Common People call her Witch;

Down at her Feet he prostrate lyes,
 With Trembling Heart, and blubber’d Eyes.

‘ Tell me, *said he*, for, sure, you know
 ‘ The Powers above, and those below.

‘ Where does *Euridice* remain ?
 ‘ How shall I fetch her back again ?

She smilingly reply’d, ‘ I’ll tell
 ‘ That easily without a Spell,

‘ The Wife you look for’s gone to Hell.
 ‘ Nay, never start, Man, for ’tis so ;

‘ Except one ill bred Wife, or two,
 ‘ The fashion is for all to go.

Not

'Not that she will be Damn'd nere fear,
 'But she may get Preferment there.
 'Indeed, she might be fry'd in Pitch,
 'If she had been a bitter Bitch;
 'If she had leap't athwart a Sword,
 'And afterwards had broke her Word.
 'But your *Euridice*, poor Soul,
 'Was a good harmless Fool;
 'Except a little Catterwawling,
 'Was always painful in her Calling,
 'And I dare trust Old *Pluto* for't,
 'She will find Favour in his Court:
 'But yet to fetch her back, that still
 'Remains, and may be pass'd my Skill.
 'Nay, 'tis too sad a thing to jest on,
 'You're the first Man that ask'd the Question,
 'For Husband's are such selfish Elves,
 'They care for nothing but themselves.
 'And then one Rogue cries to the other,
 'Since this Wife's gone e'en get another:
 'Tho' most Men let such Thoughts alone,
 'And swear they've had enough of one.
 'But since you are so kind to *Dice*,
 'Follow the Course that I advise ye,
 'E'en go to Hell your self and try,
 'The Effects of Musick's Harmony;

' For you will hardly find a Friend,
 ' Whom you in such a Case may send;
 ' Besides Dame *Proserpine* has been
 ' The briskest Dancer on the Green,
 ' Before Old *Pluto* Ravish'd her,
 ' Took her to Hell, and you may swear
 ' Sh' has had but little Musick there;
 ' For since she last beheld the Sun,
 ' Her merry Dancing-Days are done,
 ' And sh' has a Colt's Tooth, I warrant,
 ' And will not disapprove your Errand,
 ' Then your Request does Reason seem,
 ' For what's one single Ghost to them?
 ' Tho' thousand *Phantoms* shou'd Invade ye
 ' Pass on, faint heart ne'er won fair Lady;
 ' The Bold, a Way will find, or make,
 ' Remember, 'tis for *Dice's* sake;
 Nothing pleas'd *Orpheus* half so well,
 As News that he must go to Hell:
 The impatient Wight long to be going,
 As most Men seek their own Undoing,
 Ne're thought on what he left behind,
 Never considering he should find,
 Scarce any Passengers beside
 Himself, nor could he hire a Guide.
 ' Will Musick do't, cry'd he, ne'er heed,
 ' My Harp shall make the Marble bleed,

My Harp all Dangers shall remove,
 And cure all Flames but that of Love ;
 Then kneeling begg'd, in Terms most Civil,
 Urgandus Passport to the Devil ;
 Her Pass she kindly to him gave,
 And bid him 'noint himself with Salve,
 Such as those hardy People use,
 Who walk on Fire without their Shooes,
 Who, on occasion, in a dark Hole,
 Can gormondize on lighted Charcoale.
 Can drink eight Quarts of burning Fuel,
 As Men in Flux do Water-Gruel,
 And bid him then go to those Caves,
 Where Conjurers keep *Fairy Slaves*,
 Such little Creatures as will baist thee,
 A Kitchen Wench for being nasty :
 But if she neatly scowr her Pewter,
 Gives her the Money that's due t' her.
Orpheus went down a narrow Hole,
 That was as dark as any Cole ;
 At length he did some glimmering spy,
 By which, at least, he might discry
 Ten thousand little *Fairy* Elves,
 Who were there solacing themselves,
 All ran about him, cry'd, ' O dear,
 ' Who thought to have seen *Orpheus* here,
 ' 'Tis that Queen's Birth-day which you see,
 ' And you are come as luckily ;
 ' You had no Ballad, but we bought it,
 ' Pay'd *Dice* when she little thought it,
 ' When you beneath the Yew Tree sat,
 ' We've come, and all danc't round your Hat ;
 ' But whereabouts did *Dice* leave ye
 ' He had been welcome, Sir, believe me.
 ' These little Chits wou'd make one swear
 ' *Quo Orpheus*, 'twixt Disdain and Fear ;

' And dare these Urchins jeer my Crosses,
 ' And laugh at mine, and Dice's Losses,
 ' Hands of the Monkeys hold the faster,
 ' Sirrahs, I'm going to your Master;
 ' *Good Words*, Quo' *Obernou* do not flinch,
 ' For every Time you stir we pinch;
 ' But if you'll decently sit down,
 ' I'll first equip you with a Crown,
 ' Then for each Dance, and for each Song,
 ' Our Pence a piece all Night long.
Orpheus that saw no Remedy,
 Made Virtue of necessity,
 Tho' all was out of tune, their Dance
 Did only hinder his advance.
 Each Note that from his Finger fell,
 Seem'd to be Dice's Passing-Bell.
 At last, Night let him ease his Crupper,
 Get on his Legs, and go to Supper.
 ' Quo' *Mab*, we here have Strangers seldom,
 ' But, Sir, to what we have you're welcome:
 ' Madam, they seem of light Digestion,
 ' Is it not rude to ask a Question?
 ' What they may be, Fish, Flesh or Fruit,
 ' For I never saw things so Minute.
 ' Sir,
 ' A roasted Ant that's nicely done,
 ' By one small Atom of the Sun.
 ' These are Fly's Eggs in Moon-shine poach'd;
 ' This a Flea's Thigh in Collops scotch'd,
 ' 'Twas hunted Yesterday in the Park,
 ' And like to have scap'd us in the dark,
 ' This is a Dish entirely new,
 ' Butterfly's Brains dissolv'd in Dew;
 ' These Lover's Vows, these Courtier's Hopes,
 ' Things to be Eat by Microscopes:

These

These sucking Mites, a Glow-worm's Heart,
 This a delicious Rainbow Tart.
 Madam, I find, they're very nice,
 And will digest within a trice;
 I see there's nothing you esteem,
 That's half so gross as our Whipt-Cream.
 And I infer from all these Meats,
 That such light Suppers keep clean Sheets:
 But Sir, said she, perhaps you're dry;
 Then speaking to a *Fairy* by,
 You've taken care my dear *Endia*,
 All's ready for my *Ratifica*.

S I R,

A drop of Water newly torn
 Fresh from the Rosie Finger morn.
 A drop of Milk that's gently prest
 From blooming *Hebes* early Breast.
 With half a one of *Cupid's* Tears,
 When he in Embrio first appears.
 And Honey from an Infant Bee
 Makes Liquor for the Gods and Me.
 ' Madam, says he, ont' please your Grace,
 ' I'm going to a Droughty place.
 ' And if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
 ' The Drought I have be somewhat larger.
 ' Bring me, says he, a mighty Bowl,
 ' Like *Orberous* capacious Soul,
 ' And then fill up the burnish Gold
 ' With juice that makes the *Britains* bold.
 This from 7 Barley Corns I drew,
 It's Years was 7, and to the view
 It's clear and sparkles fit for you.
 But stay,
 When I by Fate was last time hurl'd,
 To act my Part in t'other World,
 I saw some Sparks as they were Drinking,
 With mighty Mirth, and little thinking

Their